

## Grasping to Control

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## Grasping to Control

by [scout \(scout\\_eki\)](#)

### Summary

“Techno, do you think my mask is weird?”

“No.”

The answer was immediate, and Dream laughed bitterly. He knew Techno was going to say that. They both know each other’s boundaries like the back of their hands, both of them memorizing what topics to never bring up to avoid either of them legitimately getting their feelings hurt. Techno never brings up Dream’s mask, his mom or uncle, or Tubbo; Dream never brings up Techno’s voices, the long, cape-like jacket he wears almost constantly, or his family. “George said it was weird.”

Or: Dream and George have a fight, Techno is there to help pick up the pieces.

### Notes

the fanboy au is gonna come out in two days from now, watch out for it (this is beginning to sound like "broken crown")

the title is from "basket case" by Green Day

anyways

vague WARNING // this will include mentions of child abuse, panic attacks, not respecting boundaries, break up (between dream and George), and just generally George being a dick

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

*"Do you know that people come up to me all the time asking me why you wear that stupid mask of yours?"*

Dream sat under the canopy of the large oak tree overlooking his school, his finger thumbing the edge of the "stupid mask" he has since taken off his face. He's been up here since George confronted him halfway during the day, pulling him under a staircase as the blond was on his way to the cafeteria. Dream can remember the grin that pulled at his lips when he caught sight of his boyfriend—not that George could see it—, before it turned into a frown at the angry expression on the brunette's face.

He couldn't even get a word in before George started whisper-yelling, trying to get his point across without alerting any teachers that could be near them. He talked about how apparently someone in their shared math class had approached George after class had ended, asking him why he's dating "some weirdo with a mask" instead of someone who "isn't embarrassing."

Every time Dream tried to get a single word in, George would glare at him and talk a little bit louder; in fear of anybody catching them, the blond started staying silent. He doesn't know how long the two spent under that staircase, words being hurled at Dream without any remorse, all he knows is that by the time George left with a final scoff, there were tears burning the back of his eyes.

*"Everytime I ask you why you wear it, you clam up and continue to keep it a secret! We're dating, we're supposed to tell each other everything."*

That's how he found himself sitting on the slowly-cooling grass, the bark of a large tree scraping against his back through his sweatshirt, watching the sun go over the horizon. His phone lay at his side, not a single text from George coming through, and Dream didn't know what to do. He was supposed to go to the brunette's house tonight, to get away from his own for a little while, but now he doesn't know where they stand.

George made it *very* clear that he didn't want to see Dream's mask anytime soon, but the blond won't go anywhere without it, so what now? Should he still try to show up at George's house? Tubbo was sleeping over at Ranboo's tonight, so he didn't have to worry about being home to distract Schlatt, and the idea of sitting in a house stained with the smell of alcohol doesn't sound appealing in the slightest.

*"You've never even let me see a glimmer of your face! Not one! Sometimes I don't know why I'm dating someone I don't even know the face of."*

Doubts ran through Dream's head, and he raised one of his hands to his forehead, rubbing the skin as if it could dispel the approaching headache before it rears its ugly head. He closed his eyes, resting his palm flat against the front of his face, sighing into the calloused skin. There isn't any specific reason why Dream wears the mask, he doesn't have anything to cover necessarily, but it's the only remaining trace Dream has of his mother.

He can't name the amount of times Schlatt has tried to break the porcelain mask—despite it being the only reminder of his sister—and now, Dream wonders what it would be like if he just let the man crack it. *Would George like him more? Would people stop making comments about how weird it was? Would he not be sitting under this tree, contemplating breaking the only lasting memory of Puffy, just so George will like him more?*

“Sometimes I don’t know why I’m dating you at all.”

He was so lost in his thoughts that he didn’t notice footsteps making their way towards him. He jumped in place when he caught sight of boots stopping in front of him, glancing up to see Techno standing there, staring down at him with an unreadable expression on his face. Dream simply looked back towards his mask, not bothering to mutter a greeting. Techno’s seen Dream’s face before—when he accidentally hit the porcelain with his fist when they were fighting behind the school one day—but he isn’t too keen on the pinkette looking for too long, lest he somehow sees through the layers Dream’s built up in front of his rival.

Techno luckily didn’t comment on the mask in Dream’s hand rather than on his face, simply lightly kicking one of Dream’s knees. “Hey, nerd, why weren’t you in English today? I had nobody to argue about the Oxford comma with.” Dream didn’t respond, kicking the ground lightly with the toe of his boot. “Did somethin’ happen?” Dream still didn’t answer, and Techno shifted his weight between his feet.

When Techno was about to leave Dream alone, the blond spoke. “Techno, do you think my mask is weird?”

“No.”

The answer was immediate, and Dream laughed bitterly. He knew Techno was going to say that. They both know each other’s boundaries like the back of their hands, both of them memorizing what topics to never bring up to avoid either of them legitimately getting their feelings hurt. Techno never brings up Dream’s mask, his mom or uncle, or Tubbo; Dream never brings up Techno’s voices, the long, cape-like jacket he wears almost constantly, or his family. “Please tell me the truth.”

Techno was silent for a moment, standing there awkwardly before moving to sit next to Dream, their shoulders an inch away from brushing—he doesn’t know why he yearns to close the gap. “It’s not weird if it’s somethin’ you like.” Dream nodded, but they both knew he didn’t believe the pinkette. The two sat in silence again, but it surprisingly wasn’t awkward. Dream was running his thumb over the smile Tubbo had drawn on the porcelain, while Techno stared off at the soccer field in the distance, where Dream knew George had practiced on only a couple hours before.

“George said it was weird.”

Techno looked at him, a confused expression on his face. “*George* said it was weird? As in, your *boyfriend* George?” Techno nearly spat the boy’s name out, and it caused a barely-there smile to appear on Dream’s face. He found it amusing *how much* Techno hated George, a grimace always appearing on the pinkette’s face everytime George would drag Dream away from bickering with Techno, even though he could never find out *why* he loathes the boy so much.

The smile dropped just as quickly as it appeared, and Dream dragged his legs up to his chest, hugging the limbs and resting his chin on top of knees. “Don’t know if he’s my boyfriend anymore, really.” He picked at a string on his worn jeans, not subjecting himself to seeing Techno’s expression. He’s sure there’s a mix of sympathy in there somewhere, no doubt looking extremely foreign on the pinkette’s face, and he *really* wishes his rival hadn’t seen him in such a vulnerable state.

They’ve seen each other at their lowest lows, and neither of them are cruel enough to exploit that, but it doesn’t mean Dream likes it. Tubbo had dragged him to Tommy’s house—which, in-turn, is Techno’s house—the first time Schlatt had threatened to “punch the creepy mask” off his face, and the pinkette had simply sat with him on Phil’s back deck, at midnight, while Dream calmed down. Dream had walked in on Techno having a panic attack in the school bathroom one time, managing to calm him down before offering him one earbud, the other already in Dream’s ear, and now the pinkette searches for him everytime he can feel panic setting in.

The current situation is hardly any different from any of the ones before. One of them feeling weaker than they ever have before, the other being a solid presence, no harsh words in sight. Neither of them were the best at comforting—Techno not liking much physical affection and Dream getting drunk off it—but doing something as simple as sitting in the same space as the other was enough for both of them.

“You deserve better.” The sun was long gone over the horizon once Techno spoke again, and Dream glanced over from where he was tracing the Big Dipper with his eyes. Techno glanced at him, the corners of his lips quirking, and Dream could feel a warmth spreading through him. Techno looked away, and spoke again, this time nearly in a whisper. *“I’d treat you better.”* Dream finally closed the distance between their shoulders, and two hearts simultaneously beat to the same rhythm.

“That’d be nice.”

## End Notes

the only reason I only ever write George as a dick during the rare times I write dnf is because a large majority of the fics under the dnf tag is dream being a dick and I will not accept this dream slander

I hope everyone enjoyed that :]

my twitter is [scout\\_eki](#)

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